

COWBOY LOVE

No 31

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Cowboy Love





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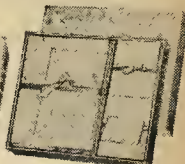
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COWBOY LOVE

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Cowboy Love

Valley of No Return

Back in Tactlo, across the Mexican border, this is a story they still tell... A man once rode into town—a man tall in the saddle, and fearless as an eagle. In his eyes there was a living flame and a deadliness before which men cowered and quailed...

I'M GOING AFTER NEVADA, CAROL -- BUT CHANCES ARE ONLY ONE OF US WILL BE COMING BACK! FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE IT'S THE CHOICE OF YOUR HEART!

...SOB... I KNEW THIS HAD TO HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER!

The man was ruthless and even cruel. But like a speck of blue in a gray and ominous overcast -- there was a bit of good within him ... his love for a girl he could not forget!

Sam Clod, Marshal of Sagetown, had turned the cell key on many a man. It was the lot that fell to every lawman who was out to preserve peace in his community. But he had just jailed Nevada Regan, a cowpoke with whom he had a common bond, when...

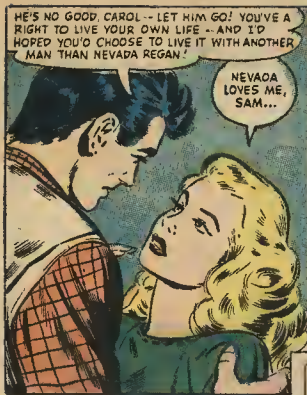
CAROL -- I WONDERED IF YOU'D BE COMING DOWN AGAIN WHEN YOU HEARD NEVADA WAS IN A JAM. ALTHOUGH, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULD!

SAM, DON'T BE BITTER. AFTER ALL, NEVADA AND I GREW UP TOGETHER.

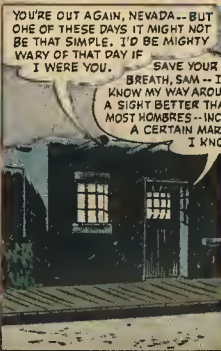
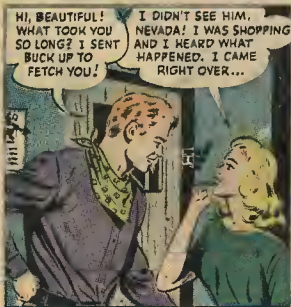
Yes, Nevada had grown up on a ranch adjacent to Carol's... but their ways were worlds apart. How could Sam tell her this?

HERE'S THE BAIL, SAM -- LET HIM OUT, PLEASE! NEVADA DOES THINGS WITHOUT THINKING, BUT HE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

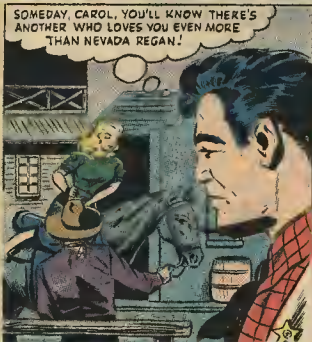
HOW LONG MUST YOU TREAT HIM LIKE A CHILD? HE'S A GROWN MAN NOW, CAROL -- RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS OWN DEEDS!



Silence was a friend across the lone stretches of western prairie... and Sam found it hard to speak the words he held so close to his heart. But he knew that, no matter what he could say... no matter what Nevada was... the reckless Cowpoke's love was real and sincere...



Something tugged at the heart of the lawman as he watched the slim, lovely girl walk out beside the crookedly grinning downhand. He cursed himself for not speaking the words he had secretly uttered a thousand times over...



And so again Nevada dismissed her fears with sweet words. But time did not stand still. And on one fateful day, as Carol stood before her ranch house, she saw a furiously galloping stallion kicking up a cloud of red dust...



NEVADA!

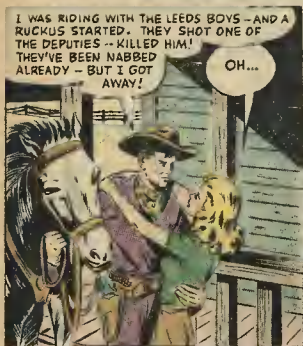
DARLING --
WHAT'S
WRONG?

I'VE GOT TO TALK
FAST, BEAUTIFUL --
THERE'S NOT
A MOMENT
TO LOSE!

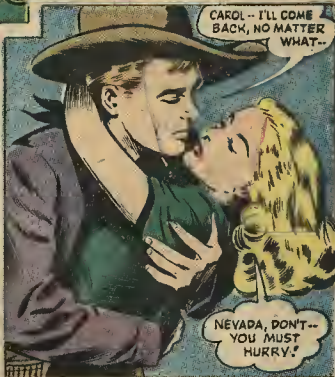


I WAS RIDING WITH THE LEEDS BOYS -- AND A RUCKUS STARTED. THEY SHOT ONE OF THE DEPUTIES -- KILLED HIM! THEY'VE BEEN NABBED ALREADY -- BUT I GOT AWAY!

OH...



Terror... merciless terror lashed at her heart, as this long-dreaded moment had arrived. A tear trickled down her cheek as Nevada drew her to him in an embrace that was at once fierce and tender...



CAROL -- I'LL COME
BACK, NO MATTER
WHAT--

NEVADA, DON'T--
YOU MUST
HURRY!

BUT WHERE WILL
YOU GO? WHAT
WILL YOU DO?

SAM CLOD IS ALREADY ON
MY TRAIL! BUT I'LL BE
ACROSS THE BORDER
BEFORE MY TRAIL
DUST SETTLES!



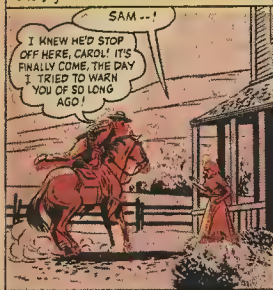
He leaped astride his mount and tore across the range with the fury of a whirlwind. But even as he laughed and exulted at the freedom that was still his, Nevada Regan knew that his heart would always be captive to the girl he left behind in Sagetown!



Then, as Carol turned to reenter the house, the sound of another rider approaching held her steps, and when the figure came into view...

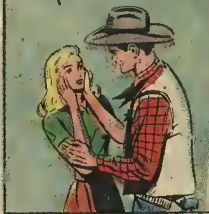
SAM --!

I KNEW HE'D STOP OFF HERE, CAROL! IT'S FINALLY COME, THE DAY I TRIED TO WARN YOU OF SO LONG AGO!

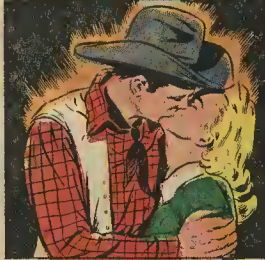


SAM -- YOU WON'T SHOOT HIM... FOR MY SAKE!

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, CAROL -- THERE WON'T BE ANY NEED TO! I'LL BRING HIM BACK WITHOUT A GUN!



As Sam looked into the lustrous, tear-filled eyes of this beautiful girl -- he longed to say things words could not express. His lips found a way, and Carol's emotions wavered as uncertainly as a wheat stalk in a wind storm...



THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN AIMING TO TELL YOU AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER!

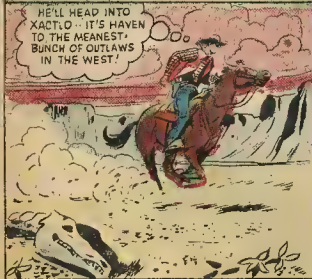
BUT, SAM -- I DIDN'T KNOW...



HE LOVES ME, AND I NEVER REALIZED IT!

Sam reined his horse toward the shortest route to the border and pushed relentlessly forward, desperately hoping to intercept Nevada before he crossed the border...

HE'LL HEAD INTO XACTLO -- IT'S HAVEN TO THE MEANEST BUNCH OF OUTLAWS IN THE WEST!



On and on through the day, the tireless pursuit continued, until the sun had long set and the stars shone like glistening spurs in the night sky! But luck still rode with Nevada...

WE MADE IT, O' BOY! WE'RE ACROSS THE BORDER -- AND TODAY IS JUST A MEMORY!



An hour later, licking trail-parched lips, the wearied fugitive made his way into the local tavern. There, a pressing crowd of hardened men clamored for violence...

HEY, PARDNER -- WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS?

IT'S CLAGGERT AGAIN! HE'S GIVING ONE OF THE BOYS A ROUGH GOING OVER!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT THIS TIME, CLAGGERT!

LOOK OUT--!



A gun was already drawn on the broad target of Claggert's back--and the crowd was stunned into sudden immobility. But Nevada's hand snaked to his holster and came up in a blur of yellow flame...

DROP IT, HOMBRE!

!..!..!

CRACK!



IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT WITH MY OWN EYES -- I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!

FASTEST DRAW IN TACTLO-- MAYBE THE FASTEST ANYWHERE!

NOW GIT! I DON'T FAVOR YARMINTS WHO SHOOT IN THE BACK!



Everett Claggert was a big man, but he moved with a strangely reptilian ease. He approached Nevada with the expansive manner of a man who owns an empire--as indeed he did!

MIGHTY FINE SHOOTING, STRANGER! AND EVERETT CLAGGERT WON'T FORGET! I RUN THIS TOWN AND THERE'LL BE A CORNER OF IT FOR YOU! DROP UP TO MY OFFICE ANYTIME!

RECKON I'LL DO JUST THAT! NEVADA REGAN'S MY HANDLE!



RIGHT AFTER I GET ME A BATH AND SOME GRUB, I'LL LOOK YOU UP.



The shrewd eye of Everett Claggert had scrutinized the lean, hard figure of the slim-hipped cowboy - but there was another eye, sultry and beautiful, that appraised Nevada Regan...

HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DON'T THROW YOUR CHIPS IN WITH CLAGGERT, HANDSOME! HE'D DOUBLE-CROSS HIS OWN GRANDMA!

BUT WHY TELL ME THIS?

BECAUSE I LIKE YOUR LOOKS!

But Nevada merely grinned and continued on his way.

He was a handsome man and accustomed to turning the heads of women who coveted his favors.

But there was only one to whom his heart responded... and she was far away. He made a deal with Claggert that evening, and on the following day...

I HAVE SOME THINGS TO ATTEND TO. BUT I'LL SEE YOU IN AN HOUR AND GO OVER A COUPLE OF IDEAS!

RIGHT! I'LL JUST MOSEY AROUND MEANWHILE.

WELL - GOOD MORNING, DUCHESS!

LISTEN, HANDSOME-- THERE'S BEEN AN HOMBRE ASKING ABOUT YOU.

HE'S OVER AT THE BAR RIGHT NOW. YOU CAN CUT OUT THE BACK WAY IF YOU'RE NOT ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM!

I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL, DUCHESS-- BUT I'LL JUST FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

Nevada figured the girl was mistaken. Surely, there wasn't a lawman alive who had nerve enough to follow him into Xactlo! But when he sidled to the bar...

SAM CLOD! SEE YOU HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO TAKE YOUR BADGE OFF!

HOWDY, NEVADA!

I'VE NO AUTHCRITY OVER THE BORDER -- BUT I HAVE LOADS OF PATIENCE! THERE'S A CERTAIN SOMEONE BACK IN SAGETOWN THAT'LL DRAW YOU LIKE A MAGNET!

NOTHING'S GOING TO GET HIM OUT OF XACTLO, STRANGER. IF HE'S WANTED, THIS IS WHERE HE STAYS!

But the weeks passed, and Nevada struck out with a vengeance--leaving the sting of his blazing guns all over Xactlo.

First, it was for Claggert--but then, it was only to further his own strength in this outlaw haven. And one day, the inevitable happened...

I'M CUTTING MYSELF IN FOR HALF OF THIS DEAL, CLAGGERT! NO MORE TOSsing ME THE CRUMBS!

YOU'RE GETTING TOO BIG FOR YOUR BRITCHES, COWPOKE! NOBODY TELLS ME HOW TO CUT A DEAL!



LOOK OUT--NEVADA!

THIS'LL TEACH Y... UHH!



LOOK!

CLAGGERT'S HOSPITAL BOUND! --NEVADA'S BOSS NOW!



HEY, DUCHESS-- YOU'RE CHOKING ME TO DEATH!

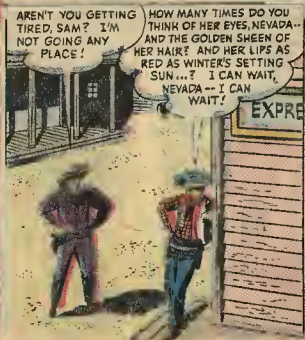
OH, HANDSOME! YOU'RE BOSS OF XACTLO NOW --AND YOU'RE MINE!



Marshal Sam Clad looked on with silent wisdom. He had seen it happen often before. An outlaw's abrupt rise to power, as the omen of violent end. He had waited so long, and he would wait to see the drama enacted to the finish... a finish he felt he knew as well as the palm of his own hand...

AREN'T YOU GETTING TIRED, SAM? I'M NOT GOING ANY PLACE!

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU THINK OF HER EYES, NEVADA-- AND THE GOLDEN SHEEN OF HER HAIR? AND HER LIPS AS RED AS WINTER'S SETTING SUN...? I CAN WAIT, NEVADA-- I CAN WAIT!



Nevada tried to force a laugh, but his laughter was hollow, for a face was before him more vivid than ever. But then...

SO A GIRL'S SUPPOSED TO START HIM RUNNING BACK! YOU'LL NEVER SEE THAT DAY! HE'S MINE NOW!

TIME WILL DECIDE THAT...



As time passed, Sam knew that Nevada's memory was the Law's ally. Keenly, he watched Nevada's wild urges to place the town further under his thumb--and to love and shower Tara Coswell with affection. It was all a futile desire for forgetfulness...

HERE, LET ME HELP THE LADY DOWN!

WELL, I SEE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR MANNERS, SAM!



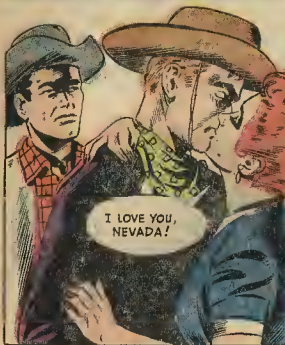
THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T FORGET, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY! LIKE CAROL LEYTON!

YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NECK OUT, SAM! AND ONE OF THESE DAYS--!



DON'T LET HIM BOTHER YOU, HONEY! FROM NOW ON, IT'S YOU AND ME! THE PAST'S THE PAST!

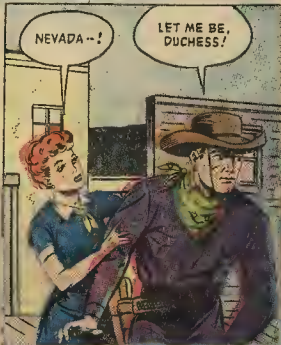
YES... THAT'S RIGHT! THE PAST *IS* THE PAST!



I LOVE YOU, NEVADA!

But even as Nevada compelled his lips to meet the eager embrace--he felt himself caressing a shadow.

The hunger was too deep within him to forget--for even a moment--the girl back home. He wrenched himself from Tara's arms...



NEVADA--!

LET ME BE, DUCHESS!

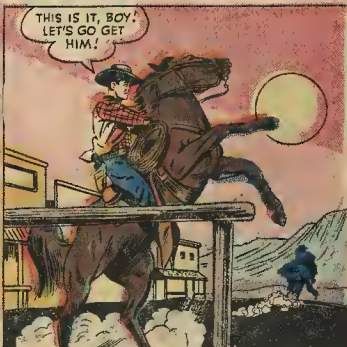
Nevada slammed shut the door of his room, as though to close off the taunting recollection.

But it was no use--he could not deny the yearning any longer.

Disregarding everything else for the moment but this impulse, he mounted his stallion and reined it into a furious gallop...

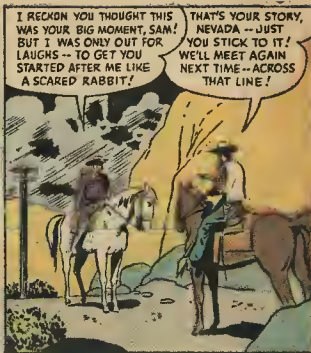


I'M GOING TO SEE YOU, CAROL! AND NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP ME!

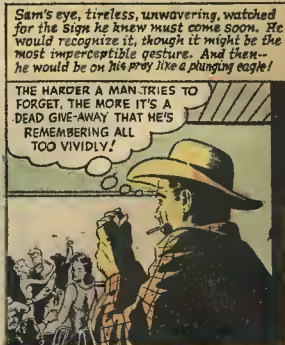


THIS IS IT, BOY! LET'S GO GET HIM!

The longing was almost uncontrollable as he urged the horse on and on in a mad burst of speed. But then Nevada heard the tattoo of pursuing hoofs--and, seeing him, he saw Marshal Sam Clod! Suddenly, he was cognizant of the danger he courted...



And so again in the town where a wild and lawless spirit abounded-- Nevada flourished. His influence grew with the passing months and his boldness was fast becoming as legendary as the town itself!



But the leader of an outlaw town is like the mightiest among a band of vultures... he commands respect out of fear!

But let him so much as turn his back... and he can be devoured! And so it was, that Nevada's life sometimes hung on a tenuous thread...

YOU CAN'T SHOVE US AROUND! THOSE HORSES ARE JUST AS MUCH OURS AS YOURS!

AND WE AIM TO HOLD ON TO THEM!

CLEAR OUT! BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!



THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING--

MY ARM!



NEVADA! HIS BULLET GRAZED YOUR TEMPLE! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN--

I KNOW, OUCHESS-- I MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED!

AN INCH CLOSER--AND I MIGHT NEVER HAVE LIVED TO SEE CAROL AGAIN!



Sam had been a witness to the near-tragedy, and as he gazed at Nevada, their eyes met! The outlaw knew that the marshal had fathomed his most secret thoughts!

THAT WAS CLOSE, NEVADA-- TOO CLOSE! DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU WONDER?

SAM, I WON'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THAT KIND OF TALK!



LET ME WASH THAT SKIN-WOUND FOR YOU, HANDSOME.

CLEAR OUT, OUCHESS! I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE!

Nevada Regan had never known the meaning of fear--but he knew it then, for a single passing instant.

The thought of never again knowing the warmth of Carol's hand, the tranquil beauty of her face, was more than he could stand...



LET HIM BE TARA. HE'LL ONLY BRING YOU HEARTACHE. HE'LL NEVER SET LONG IN XACTLO!

YOU OR NO ONE ELSE WILL EVER GET HIM AWAY! HE'S MINE NOW-- HE'LL NEVER LEAVE!



But as Nevada fought to suppress the compulsion within him... his became vicious. He struck out left and right against any imaginary foe... to vent the irrepressible wrath against the fate that kept him from Carol...



Too intent upon his own bitterness to observe even the commonest rule in outlaw town -- Nevada turned his back on the victims of his stinging fists.

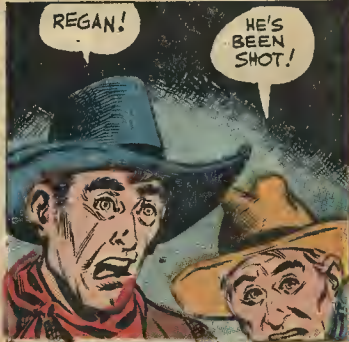


WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR, SAM? YOU COULD HAVE HAD THINGS YOUR OWN WAY -- I WOULD HAVE BEEN FINISHED!

NOT THAT WAY! A MAN WHO SHOOTS FROM THE BACK IS A RATTLER! BESIDES -- I CAN WAIT. IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER!



And Sam's words were a prophesy! One night, a furtive figure lurked outside the tavern -- and sent a ringing blast of lead at the ungarded leader of Xactlo!





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Men!
Women!**

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NAME.....AGE.....

STREET or RFD.....

TOWN.....Zone.....STATE.....

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NAME.....AGE.....

STREET or RFD.....

TOWN.....Zone.....STATE.....

The stunning impact sent him reeling. For a long minute he lay upon the floor, until the realization that this was the end drew him desperately to consciousness. Clutching his chest, the gravely wounded cowboy slumbled to his feet...

NEVADA! WAIT--!
WE'LL GET THE
DOC!

I-I DON'T NEED
ANY DOC--! OUT
OF MY WAY!



Agonized moments later, Nevada painfully mounted, yet not a hand was raised to stay him as he rode off...

SOMEONE SHOULD
STOP HIM-- BUT
NO ONE DARES!



GO AFTER
HIM--
PLEASE!

YES, I'LL
GO AFTER
HIM, TARA...

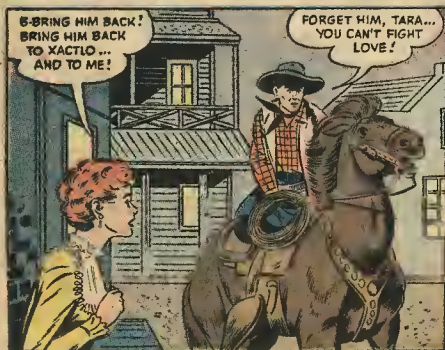


THERE'S
ONLY ONE
PLACE HE'D
BE HEADED:
TO SAGETOWN
AND TO CAROL
LEYTON!



6-BRING HIM BACK!
BRING HIM BACK
TO XACTLO ...
AND TO ME!

FORGET HIM, TARA...
YOU CAN'T FIGHT
LOVE!



THIS IS IT, PARDNER!
NEVADA'S LAST
RIDE!



COWBOY LOVE



THERE HE GOES! HE'S NOT EVEN CIRCLING TO CUT OFF HIS TRACKS! HE MUST BE HURT BAD!

All through the chill night, over mountain trail and gully... and through the day over sun-baked desert sands... rode the wounded cowboy with but one purpose in his mind and heart! Finally he crossed the border!

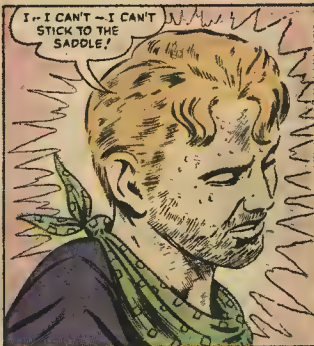


CAROL!! I-I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT-- I'VE GOT TO!

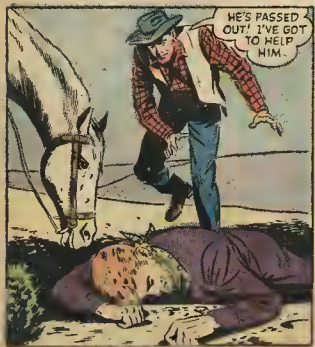
Marshal Sam Clod could long since have caught up with him, but, sensing the finality of this ride--he dropped behind to let Nevada reach his destination. If need be, he could always capture him there...



HE'S SLOWING UP-- SEEMS TO BE IN REAL TROUBLE NOW!



I-- I CAN'T -- I CAN'T STICK TO THE SADDLE!



HE'S PASSED OUT! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM.

Then, with a gentleness that belied his strength, the Marshal set the fallen cowboy back upon his horse. Pacing them both from his own mount, he headed forward toward the wasteland's end. Soon, Nevada opened his eyes...

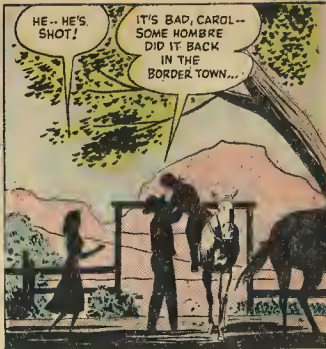


SAM--! YOU PICKED ME UP! I-- I--

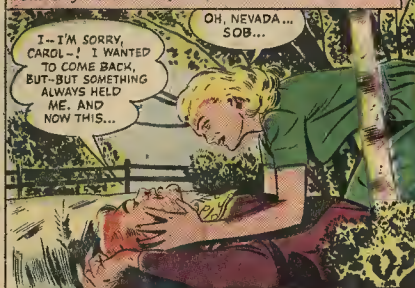
NO NEED TO TALK, NEVADA--WE'RE GOING IN BY WAY OF CAROL'S PLACE!

And there they rode together, the outlaw and the Marshal...

There was justice at the trail's end... but Sam Clod knew that justice was always tempered with mercy. Anxiously they rode on, with the vision of a girl more radiant than the setting sun always in mind. At last...



She knelt beside Nevada, this beautiful girl--and the coolness of her gentle hands roused him from the deepening shadows. There were tears upon her cheeks, but they were more of compassion than love...



MELODY AMES, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR

DUEL OF HEARTS

By Joseph Millard



FOR three days Melody Ames and his friend, Pedro, had been combing the wild breaks along the Santozo River collecting stray cattle missed by the main roundup. Now, with a small herd of stragglers, they were heading back to the big Rafter R ranch. By late afternoon they had reached a grassy draw in the Rondo Foothills.

"We'll bed down here," Melody decided, "and make the ranch around noon tomorrow. This is the last good grass and water before we cross the salt flats."

"Bueno," said Pedro. He eyed Melody curiously. "For a man in love, you have the great patience, amigo. For almost a week you have not seen the so-beautiful Senorita Lenore Roberts. Me, I would drive all night to reach her arms the more swiftly."

Melody snorted. "And the so-tough Senor Adam Roberts would tromp you flat for running weight off his prize beef." His lean face softened. "I'm anxious to see Lenore again, but the job comes first. We're drifters, Pedro, but when we take on a job we see it through."

Pedro started to answer, then broke off to peer intently down toward the salt flats below. His eyebrows lifted. "Someone rides this way, and unless my eyes deceive me, it is, Senorita Lenore. It seems her patience was less strong than yours, amigo." He grinned impishly. "I have just remembered important business back along the trail. I will return later, whistling loudly as I come."

He clucked to Rosita, his mouse-gray mule, and went cantering off out of sight among the pines. Melody turned Prairie out to graze and was building up a cooking fire when a calico pony came pounding up the slope and a slim figure leaped off to run into his waiting arms.

"Melody, Melody," panted Lenore Roberts, clinging to him with desperate arms "I was terrified. If I hadn't found you . . ."

"Honey," Melody said softly, "what is it? You're frightened and trembling." He stroked the soft gold of her hair, with tenderness in his eyes.

Two weeks before he and Pedro, following

spring roundups north, had been hired by Lenore's father, old Adam Roberts, to help the Rafter R through roundup and branding. He had met the slim lovely girl then, and something electric and vital had flowed between them at first sight. Melody had serenaded her at night, singing the lovely melodies of the trail that had earned him his nickname, and she had come to him in the moonlight, offering her heart.

From that first night, his happiness had increased and poor Pedro's unhappiness had deepened. With Melody's love, he saw the end of their old carefree wandering days together. But he would say nothing to mar his friend's happiness. Now Lenore was in Melody's arms, trembling, and he said again, softly, "What is it, dear?"

"It's Billy," she sobbed. "Billy Bearse. He's mad with jealousy. He's been practising with his guns ever since you left. He means to face you and kill you when you return."

"Billy Bearse?" Melody stiffened, visualizing the slim, intense young cowhand who had so unaccountably hated him from his first day at the ranch. "But you never told me Billy was in love with you. Was there anything between you, Lenore?"

"We were engaged," she whispered. "Billy was building a cabin for us in the hills. Then you came and nothing else seemed to matter." She clutched him fiercely. "You can't go back, Melody. Leave the cattle here. We'll go away. I'm ready to go with you, anywhere."

HER arms clutched him wildly, drew his face down. Her lips flame-pressed against his, and her worried eyes begged him to run away. Almost fiercely he drew away. "I can't run, my dearest. You know that. There is no hiding place in heaven or earth for a man who runs away. I'll drive the herd on in and have this out. Are you sure in your heart, my love?"

"Oh, yes," she sobbed. "There can never be anyone but you. But you can't come back, Melody. He'll face you. One of you will die. I can't stand that."

"It has to be," Melody said quietly. "Go back, now, Lenore. I'll be there around noon tomorrow. When matters are settled, it will be time to talk of going away. First things come first."

Melody was sitting on his heels, staring moodily into the fire when Pedro returned. The pudgy man's gay whistle broke off sharply. "The troubles are with us, amigo. It is in your face. The course of love has come upon the rocks, no?"

Melody told him briefly of Lenore's fears. "It's a problem, Pedro. I have the choice of running away and being branded yellow up and down the West, or of riding in and facing Billy. I'll have to let myself be shot, or shoot a nice young guy whose only crime is being in love."

Pedro shook his head sadly. "The things we fall into, amigo. Who can know the heart of a woman? If you shoot this young caballero, the senorita might hate you. If you do not, she will hate him and you will be so-dead Senor Melody. I say we should go away."

"No," Melody said. "If we go, the word will spread. Every gun-buzzard in the country will feel obligated to face us. We'll have fight after fight until somebody draws faster or shoots straighter. Too many want to kill us now, Pedro, but are held back by fear. If we destroy that fear, or give false ideas of our courage, there will never be peace. We ride to the Rafter R at dawn."

THEY were on the trail by sunup and well down on the hot, dry flats by the time the morning's heat had begun to strike. Alkali dust smoked up from the hoofs of the cattle. The sunlight struck blindingly from the shelves of pure salt, where some ancient sea had left its deposits around the worthless waterholes.

Squinting into the brilliance, Melody suddenly stiffened. "Pedro, haze the herd on ahead. I'll join you in a few minutes. I've just gotten an idea that may pull us out of this crazy jackpot in one piece."

Swinging Prairie away, he rode to a bank of dazzling salt. Pedro saw him dismount and squat down to chip away at the hard crust. Half an hour later he rejoined his companion on the trail. He offered no explanation, but his face had lost its lines of strain.

It was short of noon when they hazed the bawling, thirsty herd into a corral behind the Rafter R barns, turned their mounts out and started toward the bunkhouse on foot. Pedro, peering ahead, muttered nervously. All the hands were gathered near the bunkhouse and up on the big veranda of the main ranch house, the flutter of a dress showed where Lenore was watching. A moment later a slim, determined figure left the group and started

walking stiffly out to meet the pair, sunlight winking from the butt of his gun.

"Drift aside," Melody said crisply to his friend. "Get out of range and keep your hands empty. I'll handle this alone."

A lone figure, Melody tramped forward to meet the man who had sworn to kill him. He could see Billy Bearse's tense face now the stiff readiness of his right arm, the wild determination in every line of his body. In the background, Lenore ran from the veranda and stood in the yard, hands against her face.

"That's far enough, you heart-stealing saddle-tramp," came the harsh, savage voice of Billy Bearse. "Make your play or get down on your knees." His right hand slashed downward. There was a slap of flesh on walnut as his palm struck the checkered gun-butt. Lenore screamed.

Melody's draw was swift and effortless. In one smooth movement his own right hand went down and up. His thumb drew back the gun-hammer and let it slip free, even as the muzzle was clearing the holster.

Billy Bearse's gun was only half out of the leather when Melody's .44 bucked and thundered. Billy yelled in a high, choked voice of pain and fell heavily, his gun dropping from his hand.

As he threshed in the dust, Lenore ran across the yard and fell on her knees beside the boy, sobbing. She caught Billy's curly head to her breast, murmuring her fear and compassion as she rocked him.

PEDRO, moving up beside Melody, said quietly. "It would appear, amigo, that you were wise to wait and test the Senorita."

"I figured she still loved Billy, deep in her heart, Pedro. He offered a home and security. It's hard for a colorful wanderer to compete with that in the long run. I guess her heart was wiser than her head. Well, shall we get our bedrolls and hit the trail?"

"But the boy," Pedro said. "Will you not see how badly he is hurt? If she loves him—"

Melody chuckled. "When I was a button up north, Pedro, an old fellow near our place guarded his apple orchard from us kids with a shotgun loaded with rock salt. It couldn't injure anybody much, but it sure did sting. I figured it might take the fight out of Billy and still let me keep my edge as a gun-hawk. That's what he'll be hollering about for a while, yet. I loaded my shells with chips of salt from that sink back on the flats."

THE END

Read next month's issue of COWBOY LOVE to learn the fate of MELODY AMES!

THE CHALLENGE

COME ON, DOC... DRAW!
I CAME INTO TOWN TO FIND
OUT IF YOU WERE AS GOOD
AS YOUR REPUTATION WITH
THE SHOOTIN' IRONS!

BLAINE! YOU'RE NOT A
GUNMAN! YOU'RE A PHYSICIAN
WHOSE SWORN DUTY IT IS TO
SAVE LIVES! TAKE OFF YOUR
GUNS FOREVER!

IN THE VAST OPEN STRETCHES OF COUNTRY
THAT MARK THE FERTILE CATTLE LANDS
ONE MAY STILL HEAR THE NAME DOC
BLAINE SPOKEN WITH THE AWE THAT
LINGERS WITH A LEGEND. FOR HE WAS
A LEGEND, INDEED. THIS SLIM, MILD-
MANNERED PRAIRIE DOCTOR WHOSE HAND
TURNED FROM MERCY TO SUDDEN NERVE
SHATTERING VIOLENCE! AND THEY TELL
OF A GIRL, TOO, WHO LOVED HIM IN SPITE OF
THE ANGUISH HE BROUGHT TO HER
HEART.

THEY RODE THE JOUNCING BUCKBOARD OVER THE
ROCK-STREWN MOUNTAIN PASS, JUDITH LINDSAY
THE PRETTY NURSE, CLUTCHING THE DOCTOR'S
SMALL BLACK BAG... AND THE YOUTHFUL
PHYSICIAN AT THE REINS...

JOHN EDGEWORTH'S
RANCH IS ABOUT THE
MOST REMOTE IN THESE
PARTS. ISN'T IT WONDERFUL
THE WAY HIS WIFE
MANAGES? EVEN WITH
FIVE CHILDREN!

IT'S SUCH
FAMILIES THAT MOLD
AN UNTAMED COUNTRY.
I'M HONORED TO
SERVE AS DOCTOR
TO THEM!

A DEEP AND
MOVING LOVE
SHONE IN HER
RADIANT FACE.
AND SHE
THANKED THE
FATE THAT
SENT THIS
HANDSOME
YOUNG
DOCTOR TO
PRACTICE IN
DADWIN MESA,
WHERE SHE HAD
BEEN NURSE
TO OLD DOC
FARBER. DOC
FARBER WAS
RETIRED NOW,
AND SHE WORKED
BESIDE
BLAINE MARCH-
SHARING NOT
ONLY HIS IN-
TERESTS BUT HIS
AFFECTIONS...

HE'S ALL I'VE EVER
WANTED! SO GENTLE AND
IDEALISTIC! SO DIFFERENT
FROM THE HARD MEN IN
THIS BRAWLING TERRITORY!

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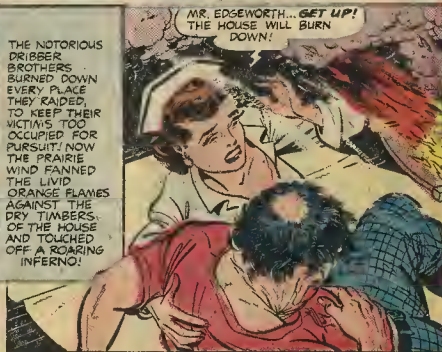
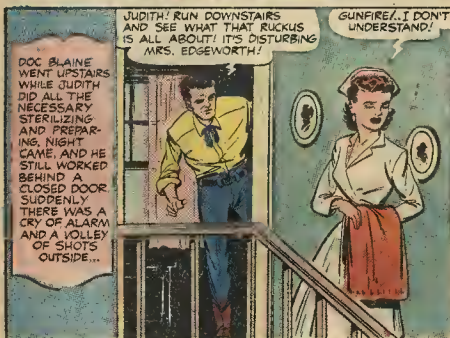
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COWBOY LOVE



JUDITH...! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WE SAW THE FIRE AND WE
CAME RIGHT OVER!

I...IT WAS THE DRIBBER
BROTHERS! DOCTOR MARCH
IS IN THE HOUSE WITH MRS.
EDGEWORTH! AND MR.
EDGEWORTH HAS BEEN
KILLED!



SOON, THE RANCH HOUSE WAS A CAULDRON OF BURNING
DEATH... A WILD MONUMENT OF FLAME THAT TORCH-LIGHTED
THE PRAIRIE! THEN, AS THE STRUCTURE THREATENED TO
COLLAPSE... A STUMBLING FORM SHELTERING A PRECIOUS
BURDEN STARTED OUT OF THE RUINS!

IT'S THE DOC! HE'S
GOT A WET SHEET
OVER HIMSELF!

OH, DARLING! YOU
HAVE THE
CHILD!

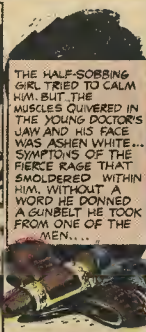


BUT WHAT OF MRS. EDGEWORTH? BLAINE...
WHAT IS IT?

SHE...SHE SUCCEEDED
TO THE SHOCK!



THE HALF-SOBBING
GIRL TRIED TO CALM
HIM. BUT THE
MUSCLES QUITTERED IN
THE YOUNG DOCTOR'S
JAW AND HIS FACE
WAS ASHEN WHITE...
SYMPTOMS OF THE
FIERCE RAGE THAT
SMOLDERED WITHIN
HIM. WITHOUT A
WORD HE DONNED A
GUNBELT HE TOOK
FROM ONE OF THE
MEN...



SURE YOU CAN WEAR
MY SHOOTIN' IRONS,
DOC! BUT WHAT
FOR?

BLAINE, YOU'VE NEVER
WORN A GUNBELT
BEFORE!

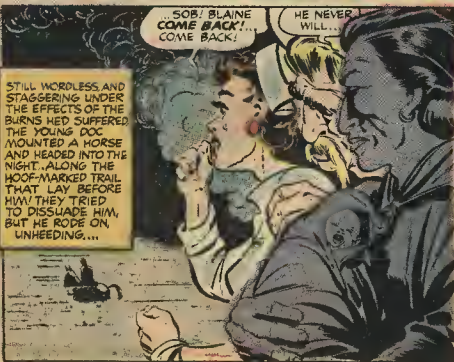


HE'S GOING AFTER
THE DRIBBER
BROTHERS! THEY'LL
SHOOT HIM DOWN
FOR SURE!

BLAINE, YOU CAN'T GO
AFTER THEM! THEY'VE
KILLED A DOZEN MEN
ALREADY!



STILL WORDLESS AND
STAGGERING UNDER
THE EFFECTS OF THE
BURNS HE'D SUFFERED
THE YOUNG DOC
MOUNTED A HORSE AND
HEADED INTO THE
NIGHT, ALONG THE
HOOF-MARKED TRAIL
THAT LAY BEFORE
HIM! THEY TRIED
TO DISSUADE HIM,
BUT HE RODE ON,
UNHEEDING...



SOB! BLAINE
COME BACK!
COME BACK!

HE NEVER
WILL...

HE PRESSED TIRELESSLY, RELENTLESSLY, FORWARD THROUGH THE WEB OF DARKNESS. SEVERAL TIMES EXHAUSTION ALMOST DREW HIM FROM THE SADDLE, BUT A GREATER STRENGTH DROVE HIM ON! THEN HE SAW A SMALL CAMPFIRE AND A HERD OF HORSES...

THERE THEY ARE! THE DRIBBER BROTHERS!



I HEARD SOMETHING MOVE OUT THERE, LEM!

SOMEONE'S HEADED THIS WAY!



DOC STEPPED OUT INTO THE OPEN! THE OUTLAWS LEAPED ERRECT, GUNS DRAWN. WHEN THEIR FIRST SHOT MISSED HIM BY A HAIR'S BREADTH, DOC FIRED...



I DIDN'T WANT IT TO HAPPEN THIS WAY! BUT THEY DIDN'T WANT TO LISTEN---THEY WANTED TO SHOOT!

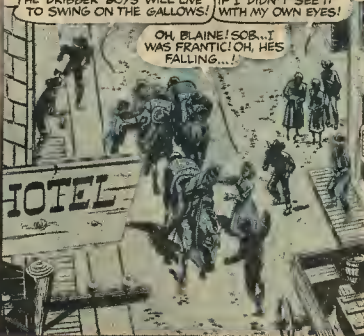


WORD OF DOC'S EXPLOIT HAD PRECEDED HIM BACK TO TOWN, AND AN AWED, INCREDULOUS POPULACE WAS OUT TO MEET HIM. GAUNT AND HAGGARD, HE RODE THROUGH THE STREET. THE LIMP FORMS OF THE DRIBBER BOYS SLUNG ACROSS THEIR OWN SADDLES...

THEY'RE STILL BREATHING! THE DRIBBER BOYS WILL LIVE IF I DIDN'T SEE IT TO SWING ON THE GALLOWES!

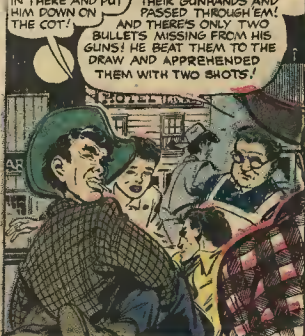
I'D NEVER BELIEVE THIS IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

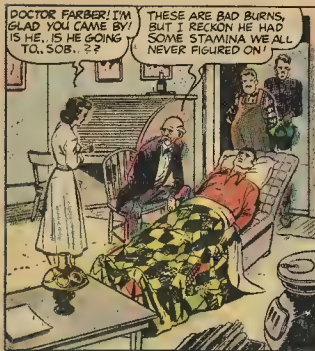
OH, BLAINE! SOB...I WAS FRANTIC! OH, HE'S FALLING...!



PLEASE CARRY HIM IN THERE AND PUT HIM DOWN ON THE COT!

THE DOC'S BULLET'S HIT THEIR GUNHANDS AND PASSED THROUGH'EM! AND THERE'S ONLY TWO BULLETS MISSING FROM HIS GUNS! HE BEAT THEM TO THE DRAW AND APPREHENDED THEM WITH TWO SHOTS!





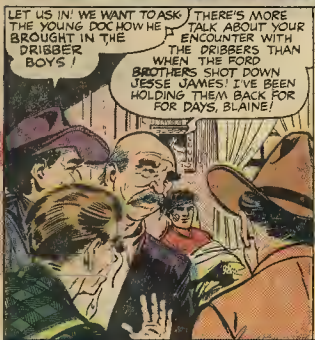
DOCTOR FARBBER! I'M GLAD YOU CAME BY! IS HE... IS HE GOING TO... SOB...??

THESE ARE BAD BURNS, BUT I RECKON HE HAD SOME STAMINA WE ALL NEVER FIGURED ON!

DOCTOR FARBBER TREATED HIS BURNS, AND JUDITH KEPT AN EVER-CONSTANT VIGIL BY BLAINE'S SIDE. HER HEART ACHED WITH EVERY DISCOMFORT HE FELT. AT LAST, THE CRISIS WAS PASSED...



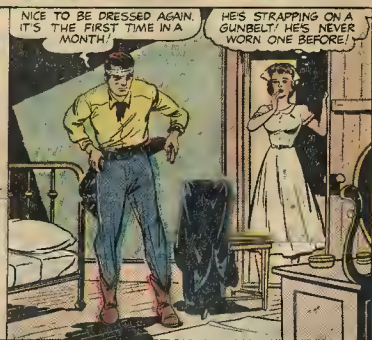
MY DEAREST! I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU! BUT YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!



LET US IN! WE WANT TO ASK THE YOUNG DOC HOW HE BROUGHT IN THE DRIBBER BOYS!

THERE'S MORE TO TALK ABOUT YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE DRIBBERS THAN WHEN THE FORD BROTHERS SHOT DOWN JESSE JAMES! I'VE BEEN HOLDING THEM BACK FOR FOR DAYS, BLAINE!

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE YOUNG DOC WAS WELL AGAIN. BUT JUDITH SENSED SOMETHING CHANGED IN HIM. HIS EYES HAD LOST THEIR SOFTNESS. THEY WERE COLD, FRIGHTENED. HE HAD SHED BLOOD AND THE MAGIC OF THE GUN WAS TO HOLD A STRANGE FASCINATION FOR HIM!



NICE TO BE DRESSED AGAIN. IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN A MONTH!

HE'S STRAPPING ON A GUNBELT! HE'S NEVER WORN ONE BEFORE!



EVERYWHERE HE WENT NOW, YOUNG DOC MARCH WORE HIS BRISTLING GUNS. THE TOUGHER ELEMENTS IN TOWN DROPPED IN TO CHAT WITH HIM TO DISCUSS HIS GUN SKILL, AND ONE AFTERNOON...

I THINK YOU CAN GET FASTER TRIGGER ACTION IF IT LAYS HIGHER IN THE HEEL OF YOUR HAND WHEN YOU DRAW!

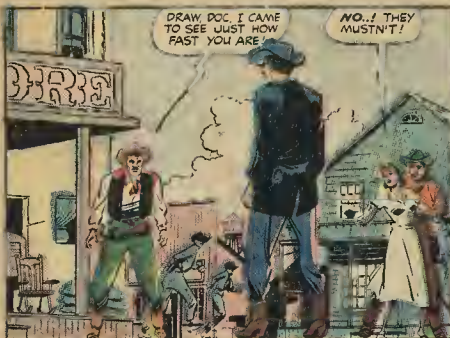
HEY! BLAZE PEARSON. THE FAMOUS TUCSON GUNSLINGER, JUST SAUNTERED INTO TOWN!



NOT A LAWMAN EVER DREW ON HIM AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT!

I RECKON I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BLAZE PEARSON!

BLAINE... PLEASE STAY IN THE OFFICE! W--WE EXPECT SARA MELIES CHILD FOR TREATMENT!



IF EVER A FRACTION OF A SECOND SEEMED LIKE A WHOLE ETERNITY, IT DID THEN TO JUDITH LINDSAY. THE GUNSHOTS SEEMED TO PIERCE HER OWN HEART, BUT WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY BLAZE PEARSON WAS DOWN! NOT DEAD, BUT BADLY WOUNDED...



YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED! DID YOU REALLY HAVE TO COME OUT AND DO THAT?

HE WAS AN OUTLAW! HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF!



THEN FOR A DISPLAY OF GUN PROWESS TO APPEASE THE PRODDING CROWD DOC DREW A BEAD ON THE BULB-CLUSTERED SIGN OF THE DANCE HALL. AS THE GLASS SPLINTERED IT SEEMED TO JUDITH LIKE THE FRAGMENTS FROM HER OWN DREAMS AND PLANS...



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PUT THOSE GUNS AWAY, BLAINE?

NO REASON WHY I SHOULD, JUDITH. EVERYONE OUGHT TO WEAR THEM IN THIS STILL LAWLESS COUNTRY!



SHE TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM DESPERATELY—BUT HER WORDS WERE AS IN VAIN AS TRYING TO STEAM THE FURY OF A PRAIRIE STORM. BLAINE TOOK HER INTO HIS ARMS AND SILENCED HER WITH A KISS THAT SENT A TREMOR OF EMOTION SURGING THROUGH HER IN THE ENCHANTMENT OF LOVE.

BUT, BLAINE—CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU MUSTN'T—OH BLAINE!

ALL I UNDERSTAND IS THAT I LOVE YOU!



I LOVE YOU, TOO, BLAINE—THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I WANT YOU TO STOP WHAT YOU'VE STARTED. THIS CAN BECOME BIGGER THAN YOURSELF!

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T HARP ON THIS ANYMORE JUDITH! I'M PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF MANAGING MY OWN AFFAIRS!



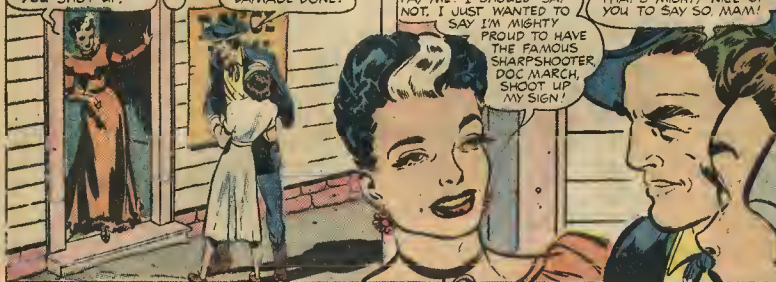
SORRY TO INTERRUPT! I'M BELLE RAVELIN. THAT WAS MY DANCE HALL SIGN YOU SHOT UP!

OH I RECKON I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY. I FIGURED ON PAYING YOU FOR ANY DAMAGE DONE!

FEAR CHILLED JUDITH AS SHE RECOGNIZED THE ENEMY. THIS WOMAN SO SYMBOLIC OF VIOLENCE...

PAY ME? I SHOULD SAY NOT. I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M MIGHTY PROUD TO HAVE THE FAMOUS SHARPSHOOTER, DOC MARCH, SHOOT UP MY SIGN!

THAT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO SAY SO, MAM!

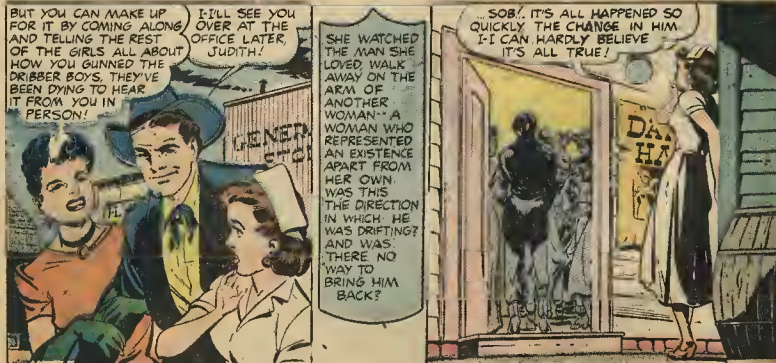


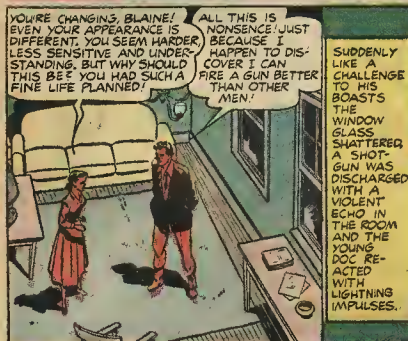
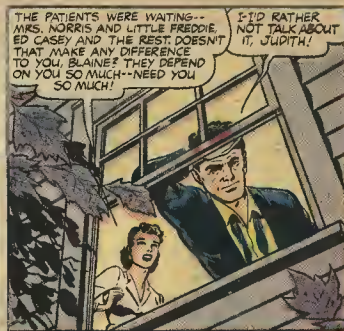
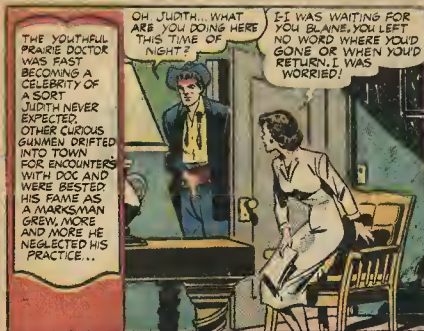
BUT YOU CAN MAKE UP FOR IT BY COMING ALONG AND TELLING THE REST OF THE GIRLS ALL ABOUT HOW YOU GUNNED THE DRIBBER BOYS. THEY'VE BEEN DYING TO HEAR IT FROM YOU IN PERSON!

I'LL SEE YOU OVER AT THE OFFICE LATER, JUDITH!

SHE WATCHED THE MAN SHE LOVED WALK AWAY ON THE ARM OF ANOTHER WOMAN—A WOMAN WHO REPRESENTED AN EXISTENCE APART FROM HER OWN. WAS THIS THE DIRECTION IN WHICH HE WAS DRIFTING? AND WAS THERE NO WAY TO BRING HIM BACK?

...SOB! IT'S ALL HAPPENED SO QUICKLY THE CHANGE IN HIM I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S ALL TRUE!





EMBRACES AND
TENDER KISSES
WERE SOON
TO PROVE
ONLY A
TEMPORARY
REPRIVE
FOR THE
DOOM WITH
WHICH THEIR
LOVE WAS
THREATENED.
ONE
MORNING...

BLAINE! WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING ALL THE
EQUIPMENT?

I-I DECIDED TO MOVE
THE OFFICE CLOSER
TO THE CENTER OF
TOWN!

YOU MEAN CLOSER TO
THE DANCE HALL, DON'T
YOU? OH, BLAINE--IT'S
ABOUT TIME YOU CAME
TO YOUR SENSES AND
LAID DOWN YOUR GUNS!
GIVE UP THIS SORT OF
LIFE! IT'S WRONG AND
YOU KNOW IT!

THERE WAS NOTHING
WRONG WITH SHOOTING
THE MEN I DID! THEY
WERE OUTSIDE THE LAW!

YOU KEEP REPEATING
THAT TO CONVINCE
YOURSELF! BUT YOU KNOW
THERE'S MORE TO IT!
YOU SEEM TO LIVE ONLY
FOR SHOOTING THOSE
GUNS! I-I CAN'T
STAND BY AND SEE
THIS HAPPEN TO
YOU!

SHE DID LEAVE THEN, BUT CAN A GENUINE LOVE LODGED DEEPLY WITHIN THE HEART BE SO EASILY FORSAKEN? PERHAPS HE NEEDED HER NOW MORE THAN HE EVER WOULD IN ALL HIS LIFE, AND SO SHE RETURNED TO HIM, ONE DAY SOON AFTER A CATTLEMAN HAD A SERIOUS ACCIDENT...

BLAINE, WHERE WERE YOU? I'VE BEEN WAITING AND WAITING!

NEVER MIND THAT
WHAT'S WRONG?

HE'S BEEN BADLY
HURT! I'M SURE
YOU'LL
HAVE TO
OPERATE, BLAINE!

1. OPERATE 12.

JUDITH SAW HIS FACE BLANCH,
NOTICED THE FUMBLING HESITANCY
OF THE ONCE CONFIDENT YOUNG
DOCTOR, THEN OLD DOCTOR FARBER
ENTERED THE ROOM.

I HEARD MARKHAM WAS HURT. I THOUGHT I'M GLAD YOU CAME! YOU MAYBE I COULD CAN TAKE OVER. HELP! FIVE DECIDED TO

GIVE UP MEDICINE! I'VE
LOST INTEREST. HERE'S
MY EQUIPMENT!

WHY DON'T YOU BE HONEST? YOU'RE
AFRAID TO OPERATE! YOU'VE NEGLECT-
ED YOUR WORK TOO
LONG! YOU'VE LOST
CONFIDENCE! YOU'RE
A COWARD!

COWARD? RECKON
YOU COULDN'T
PROVE THAT BY

THE DRIBBER BOYS!

THE FAMOUS JUELENE SYSTEM GUARANTEE

LOVELIER HAIR IN 7 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Fine special daily Juelene System care helps PREVENT, DANDRUFFY DULL, DRY BRITTLE ITCHY SCALP, BURNT HAIR. through lubrication, massage & stimulation.

Being a woman, your hair is in need of either waving, marcelling or pin-curling regularly. Be certain to give your hair and scalp fine special care and to use the special LANOLIN Formula which you get with everything to pin-curl, wave, set your hair. This Formula melts easily, waterproofs the hair, and at the same time helps to hold a setting on styling longer. By resisting perspiration, it not only keeps your hair looking lovelier, more lustrous, but helps to prevent dry, crackling, dandruffy, dull hair conditions.



Give Yourself This Treatment Just Once

That's All We Ask—Just One Trial—You Will Marvel At The Results. You Will Be Absolutely Amazed Or It Doesn't Cost You One Penny. Your Fine Care With Latest JUELENE Formulas May Be The Answer To Your Hair And Scalp Problem.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE

While there is something new under the sun almost every day, Beauticians, Expert Hairdressers and Dermatologists are all familiar with the use of LANOLIN. In recent years, it has been believed that CHOLESTEROL is the active ingredient of LANOLIN. CHOLESTEROL is an ingredient found in all vegetables, in all animals, and in our own bodies. It is now possible for chemists to produce a synthetic CHOLESTEROL, which makes it possible to use CHOLESTEROL in this Special Hair and Scalp System. Your hair grows from the follicles located in the tissues of your scalp. The condition of your hair depends upon the normal health of your scalp. The LANOLIN Cream Shampoo which you receive with this treatment is to be used as a Shampoo to cleanse the hair and scalp of dust, dried perspiration, grime, etc.

YOU GET EVERYTHING, the JAR of JUELENE SYSTEM (SCALP and HAIR LUBRICANT), the LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO, the DH-12 FORMULA containing CHOLESTEROL, PLUS the SPECIAL LANOLIN COMPOUND, ALL A REAL BARGAIN AT \$4.60 BUT ALL YOU PAY IS ONLY \$2.98, plus postage, FOR EVERYTHING. FOLLOW the JUELENE SYSTEM DIRECTIONS you receive with your package OF THESE 4 FORMULAS, and YOU WILL BLESS THE DAY YOU BEGAN and TRIED THIS PROPER WAY.

**SEND NO MONEY MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW
EVERY CENT BACK IF NOT THE BEST YOU EVER USED.**

YOU GET FULL DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO USE EVERYTHING, PLUS A REGULAR \$2. LESSON ON HOW TO PIN CURL OVER-NITE, WAVE AND STYLE YOUR HAIR BY JUEL'S HAIR STYLIST.

**100%
GUARANTEE
MONEY BACK IF
NOT SATISFIED!
YOU CAN'T LOSE!**



SPECIAL
3 MONTH
SIZE
TREATMENT

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. E-533

31 West 47th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

I would like to try your special JUELENE SYSTEM of special hair and scalp care. Send me a regular size jar of JUELENE Formula for daily lubrication, massage, stimulation. A Jar of LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO for cleansing the hair. A Jar of DH-12 CHOLESTEROL Formula for use after shampoo. A Jar of Special LANOLIN Compound to use for waving, curling, pin-curling, and to help hold my hair setting longer, more lustrous, and LANOLIN benefits. Send me everything. On delivery, I will pay only \$2.98, plus postage. Included will be full JUELENE SYSTEM directions and 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. I must be delighted and pleased in every way or every cent back. I promise that if I am pleased, I will tell my friends about the wonderful JUELENE SYSTEM Formulas and Treatment, and of all the benefits of fine LANOLIN and CHOLESTEROL. Send everything to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

NOTICE: YOU GET ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING TO LAST AT LEAST 3 MONTHS. You get full easy directions or fine daily hair and scalp care, as well as hints and tips on the use of fine LANOLIN and CHOLESTEROL Formulas, in Shampooing and Styling your Hair. A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE will be included in your package, along with full JUELENE SYSTEM directions on Hair and Scalp Care. In use since 1928. The fine JUELENE SYSTEM Formulas have been used by more than one half million women. YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR MONEY BACK.

COWBOY LOVE

BLAINE TURNED AND WALKED OUT THEN-- AND IN SO DOING HE SEPARATED HIMSELF FROM THE RECENT ELEMENTS IN THE COMMUNITY. AFTER THAT, THEY'D PASS EACH OTHER ON THE

WORDLESSLY AND EACH TIME JUDITH'S HEART BROKE ANEW...

HE'S WRONG--I THINK HE KNOWS THAT NOW! BUT HIS REPUTATION WILL NOT ALLOW HIM TO TURN BACK! OH, BLAINE!



THAT WAS DOC MARCH WHO JUST WENT BY. PARTNER, THE FASTEST GUNMAN IN THE WEST

HE'S NOT A GUNMAN-- HE'S A DOCTOR! ...SOB...



JUDITH COULD NOT DULL THE EVER-DEEPENING ACHE IN HER HEART. MORE THAN EVER SHE LOVED BLAINE MARCH AND WHEN SHE PASSED THE DANCE HALL ONE DAY BELLE RAVELIN TAUNTINGLY CONFRONTED HER...

WELL--IF IT ISN'T DOCS OLD FLAME! I NEVER COULD FIGURE WHAT HE SAW IN YOU. BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW FOR GOOD--DOCS ENGAGED TO ME!

--ENGAGED!



LOOK WHO'S HERE, DOC --THE LITTLE GUN-SHY NURSE!

JUDITH!



TEARS BLURRING HER VISION, THE DESOLATE GIRL RAN BLINDLY ACROSS THE MAIN STREET--DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE PLUNGING STAGE-COACH! THE HORSES REARED AND--

LOOK OUT! WHOA!

NO! NO!



IT MUST HAVE KILLED HER!

OH, JUDITH--MY DARLING!



HE BORE HER IN HIS ARMS, GENTLY. THIS PRECIOUS BURDEN THAT MEANT MORE TO HIM THAN LIFE. NOW THAT HE MIGHT LOSE HER, HE FACED THE TRUTH! ONLY AN OPERATION COULD SAVE HER! HE CALLED UPON THE SKILL THAT HAD ONCE BEEN HIS. HE HAD TO MAKE HER LIVE!

I CAN'T FAIL-- I CAN'T!



THE OPERATION WAS OVER AND THE FATEFUL HOURS PASSED WITH EX-CRUCIATING SLOWNESS. HIS EYES TRACED-- BACK SINGLE, DELICATE FEATURE OF HER BELOVED FACE. JUDITH'S LIFE HUNG IN THE BALANCE-- AND WITH IT, THE YOUNG DOC KNEW, EVERYTHING HE HAD TO LIVE FOR.

TO THINK OF ALL THE OTHER'S I MIGHT HAVE SAVED OTHERS WHO WERE AS BE-LOVED TO SOMEONE AS SHE IS TO ME!

HOW TRUE, IT'S UN-FORTUNATE WE MUST REACH SUCH A STATE BEFORE WE SEE TRUTH!

IF ONLY I HAD WORKED MORE QUICKLY--MORE SURELY!

YOU OPERATED VERY SKILFULLY, BLAINE-- I WATCHED YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY. SUCH ABILITY YOU OWE TO YOUR FELLOW MAN! YOU UNDER- STOOD THAT ONCE!



THE YOUNG DOCTOR'S EVERY BREATH WAS A PRAYER-- EVERY SIGH A PLEDGE. THEN DARKNESS DESCEINDED UPON THE WINGS OF NIGHT, AND STILL BLAINE MARCH WAITED FOR THAT DECISIVE MOMENT...

IF SHE LIVES, I VOW TO USE MY HANDS TO TREASURE AND PRESERVE LIFE! TO BE A DOCTOR FIRST ABOVE EVERYTHING!



B-BLAINE... I HEARD YOU. A-AND I'LL LIVE JUST TO MAKE THAT DREAM COME TRUE..

MY DARLING!



I LOVE YOU, JUDITH I ALWAYS HAVE!

I-IF ALL THIS HAS BROUGHT YOU BACK TO WHAT YOU WERE-- AND TO ME T-THEN I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED!



AND AS YOUNG DOC MARCH PRESSED HIS LIPS TO HER STILL FEVERISH CHEEK, JUDITH SAW HIS EYES. THE COLDNESS WAS GONE! THE GENTLE WARMTH SHE HAD ADORED, SHONE BRIGHTLY AGAIN! HE HAD COME HOME TO HIS OATH--AND HER HEART.



GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES

ACT
NOW

Mail
Coupon

WE ARE RELIABLE
OUR 60th YEAR

Candid Cameras with Carrying Case, Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 99-M, Tyrone, Pa.



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FIRST

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BOYS
GIRLS

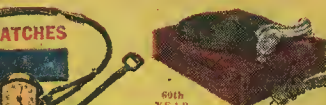
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BE
FIRST
OUR
60th
YEAR



ONCE IN A
LIFETIME

-- LOOK --
A REAL LIVE
PONY

Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Fishing Sets, Bike Lights, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles all sent postage paid. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve and so easily sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Mail coupon. Be first. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 99-T, TYRONE, PA.

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. CC-99, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen:-Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures and 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 22 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

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St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____
Town _____ Zone _____
Print LAST Name Here _____ No. _____ State _____

☐ Please check here if you desire FREE Pictures otherwise none will be sent.

GIVEN - GIVEN



60th
YEAR

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Delay
Our
Premiums
and Cash
Commissions
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See Yourself IN ALL THE LATEST HAIR Styles

as easy
as
trying on
a new hat...

• in beautiful
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Now... you can see yourself

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Now for the unbelievably low price of \$1.00 you can try on the latest creations of World-Famous hair stylists... created especially for Hollywood's brightest Motion Picture and TV stars. You save countless hours and many dollars in doing and re-doing your hair in hopes of finding the ideal style for your face and personality. *You risk nothing.* You must be delighted with Hollywood Hair-do Cutouts or your \$1.00 will be cheerfully refunded. **DON'T DELAY! ACT NOW!** Clip the handy coupon below and mail it to us with \$1.00 and your 32

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32 HAIR-DO CUTOUTS only **\$1.00**

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114 East 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please rush my 32 Hair-do Cutouts immediately. I enclose \$1.00 in full payment.

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Name

Address

City State

Hollywood HAIR-DO

Dept. 1008

114 East 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

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SLENDERIZED APPEARANCE
TRY NEW BIKINI STYLE

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Now, step into the BIKINI ABDO-SLIM* and be slender under the briefest outerwear — yes, even under the scantiest swim suit. Instantly your tummy is flattened — you feel and look better — *slimmer!* BIKINI ABDO-SLIM works on the V-Uplift supporting principle. This V-shape supporting idea lifts and pushes in the extended abdomen. Makes it flat and smooth. Where other foundation garments show too much, BIKINI ABDO-SLIM, with the V-Uplift supporting principle *instantly* gives a flattened front but no one can tell you have it on! Now, slacks, shorts and dresses *really* look flat and smooth on you. Try ABDO-SLIM* 10 days at no risk. Mail the coupon now!

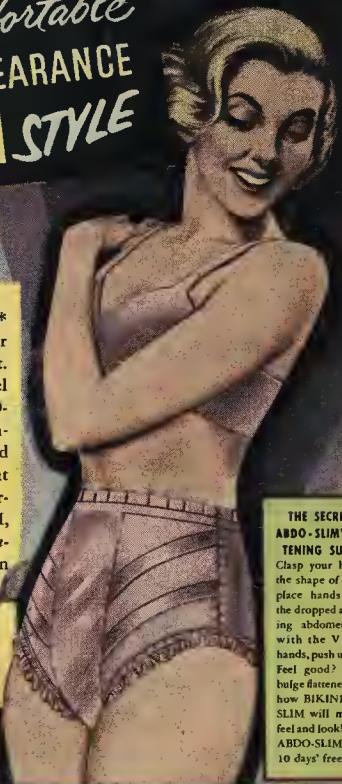
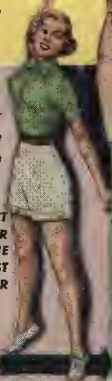
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TRY the Bikini ABDO-SLIM for ten days. You risk nothing. We guarantee satisfaction or there will be no cost.

ONLY
\$2.98

PERFECT
UNDER
THE
BRIEFEST
OUTERWEAR

TEN DAY
TRIAL COUPON



**THE SECRET OF
ABDO-SLIM'S FLAT-
TENING SUPPORT**
Clasp your hands in the shape of a V and place hands against the dropped and bulging abdomen. Now, with the V shaped hands, push up and in! Feel good? Stomach bulge flattened? That's how BIKINI ABDO-SLIM will make you feel and look! Send for ABDO-SLIM now for 10 days* free trial.

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Rush my Bikini ABDO-SLIM in PLAIN WRAP. PER ON APPROVAL by return mail. If not thrilled with results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

MY WAIST MEASURE IS _____ INCHES

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay Postman plus postage.
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